Mon chéri, je veux te dévorer

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by Charismatic_Cannibal

Summary

The night that Will Graham turns up at Dr. Lecter's home in Baltimore with a gun pressed into the back of Dr. Abel Gideon, Hannibal has a change of heart. He finds that he is no longer able to go through with the plan of framing Will as the copycat killer as he has no wish to part with him any time soon.

Will never leaves Hannibal's home that night to prevent Gideon from attempting to kill Dr. Alana Bloom and Hannibal does not immediately get the chance to consult Gideon about stealing his identity as the Chesapeake Ripper. With Hannibal too preoccupied dealing with Will, Gideon has the chance to leave without the conversation between Lecter and himself ever taking place.

Canon compliant until near the end of S1 E11 titled "Rôti".

I.

Chapter Notes

> The first part of this chapter takes dialogue from “Rôti” — both the script and the show — which I have intertwined with my own take on the scene, after the first divider, the dialogue will be my own!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dr. Lecter’s home, Baltimore - 7.23PM

Hannibal’s POV

Hannibal is sitting in his study sifting through a stack of paperwork in relation to his last patient of the day. In the leather-bound notebook beside him, he writes some notes in neat cursive on his thoughts from the session.

Insistent knocking on Hannibal’s front door pulls him from his thought process. The doctor caps his fountain pen and closes the notebook, before he makes his way towards the door.

Upon opening the door, Hannibal is surprised to find Will, pressing a gun firmly into the back of Dr. Abel Gideon, who he deduces is a *beta* as he carries no notable scent. Will has pale skin and his sweat-soaked curls cling to his forehead. Even without being able to scent him, the alpha can tell that Will is sick. Hannibal takes a step back so that both Will and Gideon can enter his home.

”Will, what are you doing here?” The doctor asks calmly, as he looks the omega up and down for any signs of injury. He finds none.

Will closes the door behind them, whilst keeping the gun pressed into Gideon’s back as they make their way towards the dining room.

Hannibal follows Will cautiously and upon entering his dining room, he is greeted with the sight of Dr. Gideon at the head of the dining table, whilst Will stands a short distance away, with his gun at his side.

Frozen in place, Hannibal looks between Will and Gideon, still awaiting an answer to his earlier question.

The omega turns his gaze on Hannibal, eyes wild. “I didn’t know where else to go. I’m…I’m having a hard time thinking,” he stutters as he attempts to get his words out through laboured breathing.

”I feel like I’m losing my mind. I don’t know what’s real,” he adds shakily as he turns back towards Gideon, his finger trembles on the trigger housing of the gun at his side.

Hannibal feels pity for the omega as he looks down at his watch, “it’s 7.27PM. You’re in Baltimore, Maryland. Your name is Will Graham.”

”I don’t care who I am!” Will snaps back in response, “tell me…if he’s real,” he adds desperately as he lifts his arm to aim the gun at the beta doctor.

The alpha takes a few paces forwards so that he is closer to Will, he scans the expression on his face before he allows his gaze to move downwards, towards his neck. Will is wearing scent neutralising patches — most likely those issued by the FBI — which explains why Hannibal is unable to catch his scent.

”Who do you see, Will?” Hannibal asks with his gaze still entirely on Will.

Will’s response is almost a whisper, “Garret Jacob Hobbs.” Then with more confidence, he adds, “who do you see?”

Gideon raises a brow at Hannibal, but he chooses to ignore him, he focuses his attention immediately back on Will.

”I don’t see anyone,” the doctor responds flatly.

Tears begin to well in the omega’s eyes and he chokes out, “he’s right there.” His hand, which holds the gun, begins to tremble far more visibly now.

As Hannibal continues to lie, he responds with, “there’s no one there, Will.

”You're lying,” Will counters, he shakes his head in disbelief, refusing to believe that he is delusional. The tears in his eyes nearly dare to fall.

”We’re alone. You came here alone. Do you remember coming here?” Hannibal questions.

”Please don’t lie to me,” the omega whines desperately, the tears were now stream down his cheeks as he lowers the gun and turns to face Hannibal.

Hannibal is finding it difficult to continue to lie to Will now, he can’t stand to watch him suffer so greatly, all because of him. Yet, he carries on, “Garret Jacob Hobbs is dead. You killed him. You watched him die.”

Will lifts his free hand up to his face, he attempts to grasp at any possible remaining fragments of reality.

“What’s happening to me…?”

The doctor moves right towards Will and moves his hand towards Will’s own, which holds the gun. He clears his throat, “Will, you’re having an episode. I want you to hand me your gun,” Hannibal tells him.

Will shakes his head frantically, his arm falls back to his side and he begins to shudder.

Hannibal watches for not even a moment before he removes the gun from Will's grasp and places it on the mantle piece. Then, he takes Will's chin into both of his hands and tilts his head back before he begins to examine his eyes. He finds that Will's pupils have dilated, he is having a seizure, albeit a mild one.

The alpha takes Will into his arms carefully. He turns to Dr. Gideon, who is still sat at the head of the table, "Alana Bloom was one of your psychiatrists, is that right?" Hannibal asks curiously.

The beta seems surprised that he is finally involved in the conversation directly. "Yes. Dr. Bloom," Gideon answers.

"There is an address book in my study, you can find her address there," Hannibal responds as he makes his way in the direction of the staircase with Will in his arms, which ends their conversation.

Dr. Lecter's home, Baltimore - 1.52AM

Movement at his side causes Hannibal to stir, he blinks a few times before he looks down at Will, who is currently tucked neatly into his guest bed.

As Will starts to gain more consciousness, he moves a lot more underneath the covers, but eventually he opens his eyes to find Hannibal next to him. The omega groans and shuffles further down the bed so that the duvet sits just below his chin.

Hannibal watches as Will just stares at him and continues to blink occasionally. The colour seems to have returned to his face and his blue eyes now once again compliment his sun-kissed skin.

"Can I get you anything Will?"

For the first time in a few hours, Will speaks up, "a glass of water perhaps, if it's not too much trouble?" He asks softly.

The alpha nods his head as he sits up, he leaves the room quickly and hurries down the stairs to the kitchen. In under two minutes he is back upstairs, enters the guest bedroom and waits to hand the glass to Will.

Will moves back up the bed and shifts so that he has his back against the headboard, sitting upright, with the covers sitting just above his hips. He extends his arm to take the glass from Hannibal and he begins to drink it almost immediately. Within a few seconds, the glass is empty and it is handed back to Hannibal to be placed on the bedside table.

The doctor sits on the edge of the bed, he looks Will up and down before beginning to speak, "I was thinking that you may like to take a shower?" He suggests.

For a moment, Will looks confused, but he quickly catches up and nods whilst answering with a small chuckle and, “I suppose I could use one.”

Hannibal smiles politely in response, “the bathroom is just down the hall, it is the first door on your right. I will leave a towel there for you and perhaps some spare clothes?” He offers.

”That would be wonderful, thank you,” he responds as he begins to push the covers down and off of him completely, which leaves him in just his boxers and t-shirt. Heat rises to his cheeks and he averts his gaze away from Hannibal.

The alpha takes it as his cue to leave and very quickly makes himself scarce, he takes care of the towel and clothes for Will, which he leaves in the bathroom, before he makes his way downstairs to the kitchen to prepare him something to eat.

Dr. Lecter’s home, Baltimore - 2.23AM

Hannibal is busy cutting the tops off of a handful of strawberries when Will appears in his kitchen, the knife in his hand ceases to move, but he doesn’t turn around to acknowledge him just yet.

Very quickly, Hannibal realises that Will must have removed the scent neutralising patches before his shower. Before, Will had no detectable scent which had made it difficult to gauge his emotions, but now, he could smell it perfectly. Pine, fresh water and something sweet, honey perhaps. It was delightful.

The alpha finishes up with the strawberries and spreads them evenly between the two bowls beside the chopping board which already contained other fruits.

Hannibal takes both bowls over to the breakfast bar and places one in front of Will along with a spoon. In return he receives a charming smile and he internally beams as he takes the seat beside Will.

Between mouthfuls the two make conversation.

Will looks away from his bowl and towards Hannibal, he clears his throat, “I’m sorry about last night, it was wrong of me to accuse you of being a liar when you were only trying to help me.”

The doctor picks up the napkin beside him and wipes his mouth before he responds to Will’s apology. “It is quite alright Will, it can be hard to come to terms with taking the life of another.”

A single nod is Will’s response before he continues to work on finishing his meal, he remains quiet for quite a while after that.

Will continues his silence as Hannibal cleans the dishes and places them back in the correct cupboards. Every so often, Hannibal throes a worried glance in his direction, but he says nothing.

Once Hannibal finishes with the dishes entirely, Will slips off the stool that he had been sitting on and moves towards the doorway to exit the kitchen.

At the top of the stairs, Hannibal finds Will waiting for him.

Hannibal looks the omega up and down, he can't help but commit to memory how good Will looks in his slightly oversized pyjama bottoms and t-shirt.

"Thank you for preparing a meal for me, you really didn't have to," Will tells him shyly, brushing a stray curl behind his ear.

The doctor smiles, "it's quite alright Will."

Will shuffles his feet and rocks slightly back and forth for a moment before he adds, "also thank you for letting me stay, I'll be out of your hair in a few hours."

Hannibal sincerely hopes that he won't as the two of them part ways to go to their respective rooms.

Chapter End Notes

In relation to the title of the fic, I do not speak French at all, but I used multiple translator websites to make sure that it is as accurate as possible. In other words I apologise if it makes absolutely no sense whatsoever!

II.

Chapter Notes

> For now, I am going to continue listing the location and time at the beginning of each section. Let me know what you think because I may remove it if it becomes too distracting!
>
> Also, I went back through the first chapter and changed quite a bit of the wording so that the tense remains consistent throughout the story. I wrote it very early in the morning, so I wasn't keeping track of the tenses I was using at the time! Hopefully, it should now flow a lot easier and match up with the tense used in this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dr. Lecter's home, Baltimore - 8.15AM

Will's POV

Sunlight glinting through the curtains is what causes Will to begin to stir. He lets out a groan and pulls the duvet up so that it covers his eyes, but after a few minutes he emerges from his hiding spot.

Will throws the duvet off himself completely and pushes himself up so that he is sitting bolt upright, he yawns before he swings his legs off the bed and stands up.

Quietly, he makes his way towards the door and opens the handle as carefully as he possibly can and then begins to tip-toe down the corridor to make his way to the bathroom.

Once he finishes in the bathroom, he makes his way back towards the bedroom where he had stayed the night. Will makes quick work of removing the clothes that he had borrowed from Hannibal and gets back into his own from the night before.

With the clothes laid in a pile on the bed, he makes his way out of the guest bedroom and down the stairs to the kitchen.

Hannibal is stood at the stove with a frying pan in hand, he moves it's contents around every so often with a spatula. Will scents the air and finds a few of the ingredients to be eggs, tomatoes and some other ones that he can't quite place.

"You're making breakfast for me?"

The alpha looks towards Will over his shoulder whilst he continues to stir the contents of the frying pan. "I figured that I would make you breakfast before I drive you home, it will help you to regain some of the energy that you lost yesterday evening," he answers simply.

Without thinking too much of the fact that he is being driven home rather than taking his own car, Will let the sides of his mouth curl up into a smile.

”Thank you.”

Hannibal places an even amount of the dish on each plate before he approaches the breakfast bar and serves it to Will. “I have made you a breakfast scramble which consists of eggs, cherry tomatoes, baby spinach, spring onion, feta cheese and diced sausage,” the doctor explains as he places it down in front of him.

Will takes the fork beside him into hand, but he waits until the alpha is seated before he tucks in. He takes a mouthful and closes his eyes as he savours it and then he finally swallows. “This is great, thank you,” the omega puts in as he piles another serving onto his fork.

The doctor’s scent — a mix of cashmere, fine wine and orchids — sweetens very slightly and Will can tell that he is grateful for the praise he has been given on his cooking and possibly also the fact that he has made an omega happy.

After they both finish their breakfast in a comfortable silence, Will helps take the dishes to the sink across the other side of the kitchen.

Will trails behind Hannibal as he makes his way into the study to retrieve the keys to his Bentley from a draw underneath his desk and then they make their way to the front door, where Hannibal opens it up and allows Will to go ahead of him as he locks the door behind them.

Overnight, a thin layer of snow had fallen and the bitter air stings his nose slightly as he follows the doctor towards the Bentley. Hannibal opens up the passenger door for him and he smiles before he clambers in.

The alpha walks around the front of the car and opens the driver’s door. Will buckles his seatbelt and watches as Hannibal puts the keys into the ignition and starts the engine, then they slowly begin to pull away from the curb.

Will stays awake for the the first fifteen minutes of the journey before he dozes off, he finds Hannibal’s scent comforting in close proximity.

Will Graham’s home, Wolf Trap - 10.22AM

The quiet rumble of the Bentley’s engine being cut wakes Will from his slumber and he yawns — with his hand covering his mouth to be polite — as he turns to Hannibal.

”Thank you for—“ Will is cut off as his phone begins to ring in his pocket, he turns his attention away from Hannibal momentarily to pull it out of his pocket and sees Jack’s name on the screen. “Sorry, I’ve got to get this,” he apologises to the doctor as he presses the button to accept the call.

”Jack?”

”Will, I’m on my way to get you right now,” Jack commands down the phone.

A frown forms on Will’s face and he lets out a sigh, “Jack, I just got home, I’m not going to leave so that I can analyse another crime scene for you without even stepping a foot in my house,” he responds frustratedly as he brings a hand up to massage his temple.

”Its Dr. Bloom, she was attacked by Dr. Gideon in her home last night.”

This catches the attention of the doctor beside him who extends an arm in his direction, silently asking for permission to have the phone.

Will lowers his arm and hands the phone to him and watches carefully to see what Hannibal does next.

”Jack, it’s Hannibal,” the doctor announces, which causes a few seconds of silence down the line.

”Dr. Lecter, you’re with Will?” The agent asks with a hint of confusion.

The alpha glances at the man beside him before he looks back out of the windscreen again, “that’s correct and if you can give me a location, I will be happy to drive Will there myself,” he offers.

Silence down the line once again means that hopefully Jack is considering the offer, then, “I’m sending over the address now, goodbye Dr. Lecter.”

Hannibal ends the call and hands the phone back over to Will, “you should receive the address any moment now,” he tells the omega as he re-starts the engine.

”I’ve got it. MedStar Georgetown University Hospital, Washington,” Will tells Hannibal as he reads through the message that Jack has sent him. “Do you know where that is?” He adds in an attempt to decide on whether or not he needs to get directions.

”I believe so, we should be there in just under half an hour if the traffic holds out,” the doctor answers as he pulls away from Will’s house.

Will smiles weakly and he pushes a loose curl behind his ear before he speaks again, “thank you for doing this, you really didn't have to offer to drive me there,” he tells Hannibal quietly.

Hannibal takes his eyes off of the road for a moment to look at the omega fidgeting with his hair beside him, “it’s quite alright Will, but Alana is also my friend and I would like to show my support for her during this hard time,” he puts in.

MedStar Georgetown University Hospital, Washington - 10.57AM

Once Hannibal finishes parking the Bentley, the two make their way towards the entrance to the hospital, it is here that they find Jack waiting for them.

”Dr. Lecter. Will.” The alpha acknowledges them both with a nod, “I’ve received word that Alana has just been moved out of the ICU, so hopefully we can get some information out of her,” Jack adds as he begins to lead the way into the hospital.

Will lets out a sigh as he follows on. Jack was always so blunt about things like this, he doesn’t care too much for people’s feelings which often irritates Will.

The white-washed walls of the hospital as well as the intense lighting are enough to give Will a headache and he begins to rub at his temples as a result.

Behind him, Hannibal remains close, close enough that Will can use his familiar scent to ground himself in the chaotic corridors of the hospital. Will finds the doctor’s presence to be oddly comforting which is something he hasn’t really acknowledged before.

He’ll probably end up thinking about it again later as he sits in his living room watching TV surrounded by his dogs, but he doesn’t have the time to let his mind wander.

Jack leads the pair into the next room on the left and holds the door long enough for them to walk through.

On the bed in front of them lays Alana, she has an intravenous drip attached to her hand and she appears to have dozed off. There are no obvious signs of trauma to her head or neck, so Will figures that the injury must be located elsewhere.

Jack approaches the hospital bed first, but the noise of his footsteps must disturb Alana as her eyes begin to blink open to adjust to the lighting.

”Hello Alana, it’s good to see you awake,” Jack greets the beta doctor, her response is far more blunt.

”Jack.”

The agent gestures to both Will and Hannibal, “we were wondering if you may have any idea on the current whereabouts of Dr. Abel Gideon. Did he say anything to you last night?” Jack questions.

Alana appears to get frustrated by his question which is evident by the way she rolls her eyes.

”I don’t know, Jack. I was a little too preoccupied worrying over my internal organs in a metal dish in my hands, or did you forget that he carved me open like I’m some sort of thanksgiving turkey?” The beta snaps out of annoyance, although her voice is slightly raspy.

”I’m lucky that you had the right mind to preempt Dr. Gideon’s next move and send some agents as well as an EMT, although it’s a shame they missed him and only by seconds at that,” Alana adds sarcastically.

Will moves towards her and takes the other side of the bedside, “Alana, I’m sorry that this happened,” he tells her sympathetically, “if I’d managed to catch him myself, this never would have happened to you.”

The beta raises a shaky hand and places it on his arm to comfort him, “it’s not your fault Will, Dr. Gideon is the one at fault here, you didn’t attack either Fredrick or myself.”

”You look exhausted, why don’t you head home to your dogs and get some rest? I’ll call you once I’m discharged?” Alana offers the omega politely, along with a weak smile.

Will returns the smile before he backs away, giving her some more space, this allows Hannibal to make his way forward and make conversation. Will feels that it would be rude to eavesdrop, so he waits against the wall, nearly out of hearing range.

To end the conversation Hannibal kisses Alana’s hand and wishes her well before he returns to Will’s side.

Hannibal turns around to face Jack, “as Alana has already suggested, I think that it is best for Will to go home and get some rest, assuming that you do not need him, of course?” The doctor questions.

They are dismissed by Jack with the wave of a hand and a comment to Will of, “get some rest, I’ll be in touch.”

Will silently pleads that he gets at least a couple of hours to himself before he is needed to investigate the case further, to get inside Dr. Gideon’s head once again.

Will Graham’s home, Wolf Trap - 11.50AM

The drive home with Hannibal is fairly quiet which helps to relax Will after the hustle and bustle that was the MedStar Georgetown University Hospital.

Will is disappointed that their time together must come to an end as they pull up towards his house. He can hears the barks of his dogs faintly in the distance.

The omega unbuckles his seatbelt and opens the passenger door, he turns towards the doctor beside him with a warm smile.

”Thank you for everything that you’ve done for me today, cooking me breakfast, driving me to see Alana. You didn’t have to do that,” Will puts in with a shiver, the bitter air was beginning to cause him to freeze already.

Hannibal curtly nods, “it’s quite alright, Will. It was no trouble at all,” he responds with his hands still resting on the steering wheel.

“I basically used you as my own personal chauffeur,” he sniggers.

The corners of Hannibal’s lips curl up in response. “Get some rest, Will. I will see you soon.”

Will slips out of the Bentley and closes the door carefully, he shivers and wraps an arm around himself while he waves goodbye to Hannibal as he begins to pull away from his home.

It has only been a few seconds and already he misses the presence of the doctor, but he shakes his head as he makes his way to the front door. There is time to deal with feelings later, for now all he needs is to rest.

Chapter End Notes

I did a lot of research for the timings in this chapter so that the times were as accurate as possible, my Google Maps search history is now full of driving times between the various locations in this chapter!

I also found out where the closest hospital to Wolf Trap is, which is pretty fun. Although, I'll never need it seeing as I live the other side of the Atlantic!

III.

Chapter Notes

> I'm sorry that this chapter is shorter than usual, I really struggled to put the concept of it into practice. Although, I think I got there in the end?
>
> I'll try and make up for the lack of length in this chapter with the next update!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will Graham's home, Wolf Trap - 11.50AM

Will's POV

Will opens the door to a horde of dogs who jump up at him excitedly, barely giving him a moment to walk through the front door.

A large grin spreads across his face and he greets them happily in return. Crouched down on the floor, he spreads his arms wide as he announces, "hi guys! Have you missed me?" and then begins to ruffle the tops of their heads, each in turn.

After a few minutes of greeting his dogs, Will rises to his feet and turns to open the front door to let them out. He can hear excited barks and the sound of claws against decking as the dogs make their way outside.

One dog approaches him more cautiously, Winston.

Will crouches down to his level and begins to show him some fuss, he wraps his arms around him tightly and gives his muzzle a few kisses before he lets go.

"Come on buddy," Will tells him cheerfully as he rises to his feet once again and makes his way outside, with Winston right behind him.

For about an hour or so, Will plays with his dogs outside. He chases after them playfully in the woods and he watches as they tumble and play fight with each other.

The cold air causes him to call the dogs back inside, as he begins to shiver and lose the feeling in the tips of his fingers.

Will takes a blanket from his bed and makes his way over to the couch with it, he takes the TV remote into hand as he cocoons himself inside his blanket.

Winston jumps up onto the couch next to him and curls up on the other end, on top of Will's feet. The other dogs lay in various places on the floor, fairly close by.

It takes him a while, but after scrolling through many options for what feels like forever, he finally finds a movie with plot that relatively interests him before he gets comfortable.

4.43PM

Will is startled awake by the sound of his phone as it rings a short distance away, most likely on the kitchen counter.

The omega groans and stretches his arms above his head lazily, before he carefully slips his feet out from underneath Winston and stands.

Will ambles towards his kitchen and picks the phone up with a roll of his eyes, “I swear to god Jack, if this is about another case, then I don’t want to hear about it,” he starts out of habit.

”Hello Will.”

His heart begins to beat more rapidly in his chest as he recognises the voice, smooth as honey. ”Hannibal?” He asks with a tilt of his head as he makes his way back towards the couch and his dogs.

There are a few seconds of silence across the line and Will begins to worry that he may have done something wrong, which was ridiculous.

The faint sound of papers being moved around can be heard across the line as Will slumps onto the couch.

Hannibal clears his throat.

“I just received a call that my last patient of the day has had to cancel and I thought that perhaps I could make you dinner?” The doctor offers.

Will sparks to life at the sound of seeing him again so soon, he nods eagerly before he realises that he needs to respond to the question verbally.

”That…uh…that would be great, thank you.”

The omega begins to twiddle a curl around his finger with his free hand as he gets to his feet and slowly makes his way towards the staircase which will lead him to the bathroom.

”Is an hour’s time too soon for you?” Hannibal questions him down the line.

Will struggles to unbutton his jeans with only one hand before he opts to place it between his shoulder and ear instead, “no, that’s absolutely fine,” he responds as he almost stumbles to the ground whilst he kicks them off.

”Goodbye Will.”

”See you soon.”

With the call over, Will takes his remaining pieces of clothing off and steps into the shower.

5.51PM

Will sits on the couch with Winston, he smooths the dog down and relishes in the quiet, aside from the faint noise of the television in the background.

His eyes begin to droop and he finds himself slipping into a light sleep.

There is a curt knock on the front door and the dogs bark and yap at the door, all jumping around each other to get a look at the newcomer first.

Will's eyes shoot open and he practically throws himself at the door as quick as humanly possible.

"Sorry I kept you waiting," he apologises as he moves aside to allow the doctor into his home.

Hannibal smiles at him as he passes and makes a beeline for the kitchen with a bag of what Will assumes are ingredients.

Will closes the door before he joins the doctor in the kitchen where he has began to unpack the contents of the bag he had brought with him.

The omega scans the ingredients that are being laid out one by one on his countertop, "what are you going to be making?" He asks curiously.

The alpha looks over his shoulder, "Kudal, a South Indian Curry," he answers before he returns to his preparations.

Will continues to hang around in the kitchen as Hannibal pulls various utensils, pots and pans from his cupboards. He takes an interest in watching him, so mesmerised with the task that he was undertaking.

Hannibal turns back towards the bag and takes out an expensive-looking bottle of wine, he places it down on the counter and turns his gaze on Will.

"Could you find me two wine glasses please, Will?

Will is quick to move around Hannibal and rummage through his cupboards in search of the glasses and upon finding them he takes them to the sink to rinse them out.

Once the glasses are dry, Will takes the bottle into hand and reads the label out of curiosity, "would you like me to pour them?" He questions.

"Thank you."

The alpha continues to move around the kitchen as he prepares various parts of the dish and throws them into different pots and pans that he had laid out.

Time passes fairly quickly and before Will knows it, Hannibal hands him a well-presented plate of the curry that he had been talking about.

Hannibal takes a seat and they eat in relative silence, with a little small talk taking place between the two of them.

As Will finishes, the doctor is quick to remove his empty plate and clean it so that it can dry alongside the rest of the dishes and utensils he had used.

The doctor hovers above Will with his wine in hand and sips at it without a word.

The omega's gaze moves up to look at him before he turns away almost immediately out of embarrassment.

"Would you like to stay a little longer and watch a movie?"

He must piqué Hannibal's attention as he sees him nod with a mouthful of wine, when he is able to speak, he responds with, "I don't have anywhere to be, what movie were you thinking of?"

Will scratches the side of his head in thought, "have you ever seen American Psycho?"

Hannibal uses Will's bathroom upstairs to clean his hands whilst Will sets up the movie and by the time the doctor returns, the omega is curled up at one end of the couch, wrapped in a blanket.

The corners of the doctor's mouth curl up into a smile as he places his suit jacket and waistcoat on the chair next the the breakfast bar and moves towards the couch.

He sits down on the other end of the couch to Will and rests his right ankle over his left knee as he settles in.

Will doesn't like the fact that there is so much distance between the two of them, although he wasn't too sure why it bothered him. So, once he starts the movie, he wriggles a little closer to Hannibal without a word.

The omega takes the doctor's scent in and shimmies closer into his side so that he can continue to scent him more easily.

He dozes off nearly three quarters of an hour into the movie, without Hannibal making any comment on the fact that Will has cozied-up to him.

Towards the end of the movie, Will begins to stir, only to find that Hannibal has one arm around his side, pulling him in, whilst the other tousles his curls.

The omega keeps his eyes tightly closed as he attempts to control his breathing to give the illusion that he is still asleep.

'Shit…don't think about it too much or this could turn out to be a really embarrassing evening…'

Carefully, he begins to stretch his limbs and shift in the doctor's hold.

A faint noise — that he's pretty sure is not coming from the TV — hits his ears and he tries to block everything else out so that he can try and figure out what it is.

'It can't be, can it?'

He lets the noise wash over him.

*'Wait a second…that's **not** coming from Hannibal…'*

To Will's complete and utter horror, he realises that it's his own *purr* and that there is no way in hell that Hannibal hasn't already noticed it.

Chapter End Notes

Hello! My dearest apologies for not updating sooner, but I have had a very busy schedule and not a lot of free time!

I am heading off to New York tomorrow morning, so my next update may also be slightly delayed, but in the meantime I hope that you have enjoyed this chapter!

IV.

Chapter Notes

I will admit, I did not plan to take this long to update this story, my bad! I lost interest in Hannibal for a while and with the release of Hazbin Hotel, as well various other shows and as a result I forgot about this story.

In the time away from this story, I've managed to develop my writing style for fics a bit more and overall, I prefer my new type of formatting. That being said, I don't have any plans at the moment to go back and update the previous chapters, as it will be quite time consuming.

There are a few parts in here that I think some could consider being non-con, so I added the tag just in case.

So, my dearest apologies for that and without further ado, onto the good part, the update!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wolf Trap, Virginia

(Will's POV)

Will is mortified.

He doesn't purr for anyone, not even when he's alone. It honestly surprises him that he is still able to make the sound, he is completely out of practice, yet he manages it perfectly. Much to his displeasure. He scrambles away from Hannibal quickly and moves to the opposite end of the couch, away from the alpha.

His purr dies out immediately.

A growl begins to rise in the back of his throat, although it barely sounds threatening in comparison to the sort of growl an alpha could produce. Will's eyes look Hannibal up and down quickly in a glare. He feels disgusted with himself for letting himself get so comfortable with the alpha, it is unprofessional for their doctor-patient relationship to say the least. Although, he supposes that the dinner they have shared tonight also crosses that line. They aren't even conducting therapy officially, does it even matter? Hannibal notices him moving away immediately, his gaze moves from the screen in front of them and to the omega instead. He moves across the couch to reduce the distance between them and the growl becomes more audible, deeper. Hannibal raises his hand to cup Will's cheek, he pushes out

pheromones in an attempt to calm the angered omega in front of him. He moves his other hand to rest on Will's forehead. "Are you feeling unwell, Will? You have a temperature," the psychiatrist informs him. Sweat begins to bead on Will's forehead and he feels it along every surface of his skin. His breathing is slightly laboured which makes maintaining the growl quite the strenuous task. The pheromones do little to calm him and he bares his teeth at the alpha in response. Hannibal doesn't back off.

'Why can't he take a fucking hint, stubborn bastard.'

Hannibal removes his hand from Will's forehead to retrieve the handkerchief from his breast pocket. He uses it to wipe the sweat from his brow, much to the omega's displeasure, then leaves it on the couch between them. The alpha watches him carefully, he continues his attempt to calm him, albeit with no results as of yet. Will casts his gaze downward and closes his eyes, the growl still going in the back of his throat. The doctor seems to pay it no mind. Will shrinks in on himself and gets lost inside his head.

The sound of Hannibal's breathing above him becomes distant, it slowly phases out.

Will sits in Hannibal's office, opposite the 'Minnesota Shrike'. His eyes travel across Hobbs' body, he takes in the nine bullet wounds that litter his body, wounds which he had put there. "He knows." Hobbs tells him. "What does he know?" Will asks, his fingers tap on the leather armrest of the chair. "That you're sick. That you enjoyed taking my life," Hobbs tells him. He wasn't wrong in that regard. "So what if he knows?" Will puts in, feigning indifference. Hobbs leans forward in his seat. "An unstable omega is a danger to society, Mr Graham. Do you think that Dr. Lecter will take pity on you?" He taunts, enjoying the way that the omega squirms in his seat. Will looks away, he takes a sudden interest in the red and white striped curtains that hang beside the large windows of the office. He has thought about this. Hannibal realising just how ill-minded Will really is, him telling Jack that he is too unstable to be working in the field, too unstable to mingle with the other better-functioning members of society. He would be locked away in a psychiatric hospital, most likely living under the care of some twisted bastard like Dr. Chilton. Even worse, it could be Chilton himself.

'He can't find out. I can't leave Wolf Trap, my dogs. I can't spend the rest of my days locked inside a cell, it would slowly suffocate me. It would drive me to madness…if I'm not already mad.'

The omega pulls himself from his thoughts. He slowly lifts his head and makes eye contact with Hannibal. Blue-grey eyes meet hazel. He lets the doctor's scent wash over him — *cashmere, orchids and fine wine* — and finally it helps to calm him down somewhat, as it was initially intended to. His growl dies down gradually, until it finally stops completely. Will subconsciously leans into the hand that still cups his cheek and his chest heaves with his laboured breath. His tongue darts out to lick his dry lips and he doesn't break eye contact with the alpha. He is trying to gauge his reaction to Will's own from before, looks to see the extent of his concern.

The movie has come to an end, which leaves them in complete silence and limited light. Will takes in the features of the doctor's face, his sharp cheekbones, captivating eyes and slicked-back hair. He doesn't know what has come over him, but he can feel a purr beginning to rise again, he swallows it down.

'What the fuck has come over me, this is bullshit.'

"I don't feel like myself…" Will admits reluctantly, he feels a little sick, right in the pit of his stomach. He quickly runs over the idea that he may have been slipped something, but quickly dismisses it. He is overwhelmed. By Hobbs, by Hannibal, it is all too much. The alpha straightens his back, seemingly more alert. "What is the problem, Will?" The doctor questions, he lifts his other hand to cup the other side of Will's face, which brings them closer. The omega wants to move away, but he can't bring himself to do it, he wants the close proximity, needs it. "I…I-" a small whine escapes him when he feels it again. This feeling in the pit of his stomach seems oddly familiar. Where had he felt it before…?

'Oh shit. Holy shit.'

With all of the trouble that he's been having recently, seeing Hobbs, tracking down Dr. Abel Gideon and his loss of time, he hasn't had an abundance of time to check his calendar. Although he knows that his heat shouldn't be due just yet. This could have disastrous consequences if not handled by him correctly.

'Fuck. Hannibal's got to go. Now.'

Will lifts his hand to rest on Hannibal's chest and pushes him away or at least, he attempts to. The alpha doesn't budge. Hannibal's expression is hard to read as he responds, "you need to tell me what the problem is if you want me to help you, Will." The brunette bares his teeth in warning, telling the alpha to back off. Will whines. "I don't need your help, I need you to leave." Once again, his hostility doesn't seem to faze the psychiatrist. His grip on Will's face strengthens, the doctor brings him closer to his own face. "Will, your pupils are dilated more than would be expected, even in this low light setting and your scent has changed," Hannibal notes in response, his eyes scanning the omega's face, before meeting his eyes once again. "I need you to be honest with me, Will," he adds sternly. Will tries and fails to pull his head out of Hannibal's grasp, his hand falls away from the alpha's chest in defeat. "You already know what the problem is, just say it," he says bitterly. Hannibal seems to contemplate his answer for a moment, he feigns ignorance, "you are currently experiencing the symptoms of pre-heat," he states. The omega hates it because he knows that it's true, but hearing it said aloud makes it much more real. He had stopped taking his suppressants when he had first begun losing time, it was not only hard to remember to take them, but he had also not know what was causing him to lose time in the first place.

"Let go of me!" Will snaps in one final attempt to escape, his scent spiking in his anger, as he turns his head in Hannibal's hold and nips the top edge of his hand, near his thumb. The alpha pulls his hand away with a raised brow, as a few drops of blood form on the site of the bite. Will's teeth are nowhere near as sharp as Hannibal's. The omega's teeth never are as sharp, they don't need to be, alpha's are the ones to make the mating bite. The brunette attempts to move away, but he stops dead in his tracks when Hannibal speaks next.

"**Stay.**"

He uses his alpha voice to command him and a shiver runs down Will's spine. Will's eyes widen and he feels like a deer in headlights. Hannibal moves his hand out so that he can rub the scent gland on his wrist, on the one on the juncture of Will's neck and shoulder. The

omega reluctantly bares his neck as the pheromones surrounding him cause his eyes to droop slightly. Hannibal lets out a pleased rumble as a result. Will closes his eyes, his breathing is heavy and a purr rises in his throat once again. He wants to tell Hannibal to stop, but his omega wants to let him continue, to see where it goes. He whines as the alpha pulls him closer, swaps his wrist out for his lips instead and begins to mouth at the scent gland. "Hannibal…please…go…" the omega whimpers between breaths. Hannibal groans as he scrapes his teeth across his neck, over his scent gland and breathes in Will's scent hungrily. The alpha pulls away with heavy breaths, his eyes now red in place of their usual hazel. He clears his throat, moves back and stands up with little coordination, as he quickly smooths down his suit. Without the doctor there to hold him in place, Will falls forward and barley manages to prevent himself from face-planting the couch. The brunette lets out a whimper as he is left alone on the couch and Hannibal pauses by the door that leads to the porch, hand resting on the handle. Will is internally conflicted. His omega wants the man to stay, but he wants nothing more than to be left alone to deal with his embarrassment.

"I…don't leave me alone…"

The omega is quiet when he makes his request. Hannibal hovers by the door, unmoving and it makes Will worry that he may have said the wrong thing. "I'll get lost inside my head, I don't want that, not now," he whines, as a single tear slips down his face. The doctor takes a moment to consider, before he approaches the couch. He stops in front of Will and looks down at him, something akin to pity takes over his features and he kneels down to be level with him. "Allow me to put you to bed, Will," the alpha offers and Will doesn't give him any response aside from a groan. Will continues to whine when Hannibal lifts him up and cradles him to his chest, so that he is able to carry him to the other side of the room. When he is placed down in the bed, he makes a fuss as Hannibal goes to move away and then again when he struggles to remove his sweater. The omega pouts with a huff and his eyes look up at Hannibal, like a puppy, begging for attention. Hannibal helps him out of his sweater, but leaves him to remove his pants himself, before he pulls the duvet up to cover Will despite his clammy skin. The alpha sits on the edge of the bed and watches as his eyes begin to droop and his breathing evens out. He stands so that he can leave discreetly, but he must know that he has failed when Will makes his disapproval known.

He hadn't been asleep so it seemed. Hannibal turns with a sigh, "yes, Will?" The brunette mutters something inaudible as he rearranges himself in his bed, so that he is laying on his side with an arm extending outward. "I can't sleep, I keep seeing Hobbs." "Garret Jacob Hobbs?" The alpha asks curiously, his attention piqued, as he makes his way into the kitchen to retrieve his waistcoat, then returns to Will's bedside. He lays the waistcoat down in front of the omega, places his hand in the brunette's curls and slowly begins to twist and tangle them around his fingers.

Will purrs appreciatively at the contact, his hand reaches enthusiastically for the waistcoat and he brings it up to his nose to scent it thoroughly. He curls his body around it and his own sweetened scent fills the air, along with his very audible purr. The omega untucks his head for a moment to answer Hannibal's earlier question, "yes, Garret Jacob Hobbs, I can't get him out of my head." The psychiatrist considers his words, "you killed Garret Jacob Hobbs, Will. He can no longer harm anyone, thanks to you." Will lets out a groan in response, then pushes his head back into the contact he was receiving. "Do you feel guilt over his death?" Hannibal

adds and Will ceases his purr for a moment, “not so much guilt over his death, more like guilt over removing him from Abigail’s life. He didn’t deserve her, but she deserves a father,” he explains. “Abigail has us to act in his place now,” Hannibal suggests as a means to put his mind at ease, to get him to sleep. The omega yawns and gets out a little, “that’s a nice thought,” before he buries his face in the waistcoat once again, purr resuming.

The brunette wakes later on, most likely in the very early hours of the morning, to no one beside him. His dogs must all be sleeping in the kitchen and oddly, Winston too. Will notices a dampness between his legs before the scent of arousal and slick reaches his nose. His nose has seemingly been buried in Hannibal’s waistcoat for the entire duration of his rest and it has his head feeling fuzzy, although that may not all be entirely the scent of the doctor. He sits up to rest on his knees, then reaches for the spare pillow beside with little coordination, he is still half asleep. Will places the pillow down on the mattress between his legs, then begins to buck forward into it with a whine. His hand reaches out for the waistcoat and he holds it up to his nose to scent it whilst he continues to dry hump the pillow. It is the quickest way for him to gain release that doesn’t involve a lot of effort or clean up afterwards. Breathy moans leave his mouth as he thrusts his small cock against the pillow. He moves his spare hand into his boxers, so that he can slip two fingers into his slick cunt. The omega thrusts the fingers in and out quickly which produces a sinful squelching sound that can easily be heard across the ground floor of the house. His thrusts become more frantic as he feels his orgasm coming. With a few more bucks of his hips, Will cums into his boxers and over his fingers — that are buried deep in his cunt — drenching them with slick. The air is heavy with the scent of arousal, release and heat. His chest heaves as he comes down from his high, nose still buried in Hannibal’s waistcoat.

’I wish I didn’t have to spend this week alone. It’s going to be so lonely, so strenuous. I haven’t even booked the time off work yet, I wasn’t expecting this.’

A deep cough from the direction of his couch, pulls Will from his afterglow, as well as his thoughts. He scents the air and then feels all of the blood rush to his toes. He isn’t alone, Hannibal’s still here. The omega stands on shaky legs, to make his way over to the couch, where he finds Hannibal sat with Winston laid over his lap, fast asleep, unlike Will. He stands in front of the alpha, staring at the floor.

’Did I just…? In front of…? Oh, fuck.’

”You…you didn’t leave…?” Will asks softly. Hannibal is quick to answer, “you asked for my presence, if you would like me to leave now that you are moving towards full heat, you need only ask.” The brunette watches Hannibal smooth over Winston’s fur as the dog snores quietly. Will deliberates over it, wonders if it could get much worse than getting himself off when Hannibal is just the other side of the room, albeit unbeknownst to him. “Will this not constitute crossing the line between our relationship as patient and psychiatrist, Dr. Lecter?” He inquires somewhat innocently, twisting a stray curl around his finger as he does so. Hannibal nods in agreement, “it would. Only, you are not officially my patient. Would you like me to leave, Will?” The omega scoffs, “Jack would argue otherwise. Do you wish you wish to leave, Dr. Lecter?” Hannibal continues to stroke Winston, as he puts in, “it is not my discretion.” Will huffs in frustration. He gently wakes Winston to move him off the couch and instead directs him to the kitchen. When he returns, he stares daggers at Hannibal. The

omega snarls, as he drops down into Hannibal's lap, a knee sits either side of the doctor's legs and he wraps his arms around his neck. The brunette rolls his hips forward teasingly, his head moves to the alpha's ear, "that wasn't the question," he whispers. Hannibal audibly gulps, as his hands come to rest on Will's thighs, "Will, I don't think you are in the correct headspace right now," he tells him kindly, but Will doesn't see it that way. "You didn't seem to care about that earlier though, did you?" The omega growls, his hips still and his scent takes on the sour note again, which seems to mask the sweetness of his heat. He doesn't give Hannibal any time to respond, before he cuts in with, "you're going to fix this, you've done this with this little stunt of yours! I've always managed on my own and you've gone and ruined it all, you self-centred bastard!" He snaps angrily, untangling a hand from around the doctor's neck, to hit the centre of his chest with each word.

Hannibal has the audacity to look at him with compassion, but Will is beyond pissed off and is most definitely not in the mood for it. Will leans towards Hannibal, he licks a stripe up his neck and then nips him in an attempt to provoke him to respond to his advance. He earns a deep displeased growl and a flash of teeth in a snarl from the alpha, who grabs him by his curls and yanks his head away. "**Will.**" He ignores the warning and licks his lips, then begins to move his hips again. Hannibal tugs on his curls in an effort to make him still, but instead, Will lets out a breathy moan in response. The omega's eyes droop as he makes eye contact with the man in front of him. Will mewls, then produces an unintentional "oooh…*A-lpha*." The doctor groans, pulls the smaller man to his chest and buries his face against his neck.

'I can't believe I let that slip out. I've never addressed an alpha as such previously. This is downright fucking embarrassing at this point.'

The omega bares his neck completely, submits and purrs, as Hannibal moves along his neck, licking, biting and sucking. "So good for me, Will. Such a good omega," the doctor tells him in between, Will keens at the praise and begins to tug impatiently on the button of Hannibal's pants. He pouts when he has little success in completing his task. Hannibal shifts both hands to rest on Will's hips, with a little effort he manages to stand up and Will quickly wraps his legs around him. The alpha walks in the direction of the bed which Will had come from, he untangles him carefully to set him down. He makes haste in removing his shoes and crawls up the bed to lean over Will, red eyes burn holes into the soft amber ones below them. Will's pheromones fill the air, sickeningly sweet, intoxicating in their concentration. Hannibal runs his hand down the omega's bare chest, then back up to grip his chestnut curls. His skin is warm, cheeks flushed and pupils dilated from arousal, in addition to his heat.

His embarrassment becomes long forgotten.

"Help me, *Alpha*, please…" Will begs breathlessly, as he squirms underneath the larger man, bare neck completely on display. Hannibal to pays close attention to his neck once again, specifically his scent gland.

Chapter End Notes

I’m very sorry for the wait, I do hope that you enjoyed this update! If you did, feel free to leave a comment!

The best way for me to describe Will’s mood swings during this chapter is by comparing it to the mood swings that someone may go through when menstruating. I thought that that may be the best way to go here, do let me know what you think!

V.

Chapter Notes

Time to really own that ‘explicit’ rating.

I’ve gotten back into the show again now — I have seen it tons previously — and I am hoping that I can make these two a little more true to character. I quite like the idea of Will being submissive, but only to a point, otherwise I feel as though it is not very befitting of his personality.

In this chapter, Will has a bit of bite — quite literally in some cases — which I think resonates more with his character. Whereas, Hannibal is seductive, hungry and panders a little to Will’s needs. I believe it works in this setting, we’ll see!

Shorter update this time, I’m sorry! This one was a bit of a pain to write and lengthen for some reason?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wolf Trap, Virginia

(Hannibal’s POV)

The alpha licks along Will’s exposed neck, noses his way down to his scent gland and runs his sharpened canines across it teasingly slow. The brunette whines beneath him, his body trembles at the contact, legs coming up to wrap around Hannibal’s waist to draw him in closer. He makes quick work of removing the omega’s shirt, his mouth moves down his chest to take a nipple between his teeth, he nips — which causes Will to cry out — then gives it a soothing lick before continuing downwards. When he reaches his happy trail, he moves one of the hands that is caging Will in, in order to remove his boxers, which are notably damp with slick. Will begins to push frustratedly on his shoulders, he makes a sound of displeasure as he mumbles, “c-clothes…”. Hannibal looks up at him for a split second, before he all but tears off his own shirt and pants. His hand hastily trails lower on Will’s body, past his small cock and straight between his legs, where he is soaked with slick. The scent of it alone is enough to drive him wild. The alpha teases a finger between his slick folds, before his eyes meet Will’s once again. Hannibal changes his position, so that he is further down the bed, then he moves his head between Will’s spread legs to lap at his slick-soaked folds. The omega lets out a wail and fists his hands in Hannibal’s hair. He thrusts his tongue into Will’s tight pussy, his hands rest on the brunette’s thighs, holding his legs open. The doctor fucks him eagerly with his tongue, pulls it out and then laps up the excess slick along both his cunt and thighs.

'So gorgeous. He could have been painted by Cabanel himself. Chiselled by Michelangelo.'

His chest heaves as he hauls himself up the bed, drapes himself over Will and kisses him passionately. Will nips his lip, dives his tongue into Hannibal's mouth in an attempt to take control, but the doctor doesn't allow him to. He can taste his own blood, as well as the omega's slick. Hannibal pulls away, "tell me what you need, Will," he announces breathily, as he stares into the amber eyes gazing back up at him.

"I want to taste you…so badly. Please let me, I promise I'll be good."

'What a rare gift he is. All for me.'

Hannibal groans, flips them over so that Will is on top of him instead. The brunette purrs at getting his way, slips down the bed, then tugs frustratedly at the alpha's boxer briefs with a huff. Once he finally manages to free his cock, Will watches as it stands erect, leaking pre-cum, then in a few moments he hunches over to swallow down the tip. He bobs his head up and down rhythmically and hums to pull a reaction from the alpha, which he succeeds in doing.

Hannibal moves a hand to rest in Will's hair, but stops dead in his tracks when the omega lifts his head to growl, white teeth bared in a snarl. His hand retreats reluctantly and Will continues. The omega swallows more of him down, tears begin to prick the edges of his eyes as a result, but he pushes on until he realises that Hannibal is nearing release. He pulls off with a pop, gives his cock a few kitten licks, before he sits up fully and looks to the doctor for praise, as well as his next command. "Very good, Will. **Come here**," Hannibal orders. Will scrambles to join him at the top of the bed, nuzzles his cheek, all whilst a thick purr fills the air between them. Hannibal strokes his cheek with a finger, then grasps his curls, pulling slightly, "such a good omega. What else do you need?" The scent of happy omega and heat fills the room, as well as aroused alpha. "You." His face twists in confusion, "you have me, Will." "No. That's not what I mean…" he pushes his face away playfully, "I need you *inside* me," he pleads, as he runs his fingers through his now-sweaty curls.

'Such a beautiful creature. So happy to voice his needs. His scent is captivating, telling of his nature. I could very easily get used to drowning myself in it.'

The alpha considers it for a short while, he pulls Will down to meet his lips, then flips them, so that the slighter man is beneath him. He places one hand beside Will's head and the other makes it way down, between their bodies. Hannibal manages to easily slip one finger inside the omega, so he pushes a second in beside it. He thrusts them in and out, slowly at first, before he begins to increase the pace, which has Will arching his back off the bed. Will reaches a hand out to Hannibal and places it in his hair, so that he can pull him down.

The omega assaults his mouth with kisses. By the time Hannibal has three fingers inside him, Will is writhing on the bed, barely able to keep still. "…nough…enough." "What was that, Will?" The doctor asks, his concentration almost trained on Will's preparation. He whimpers, "enough. I need *you*." Hannibal removes his fingers, lifts and spreads them to admire the abundance of slick that coats them, then begins to lick them clean with long strokes of his tongue and it drives Will mad. The omega is heavy lidded as Hannibal takes his cock into hand, lines up with Will's cunt and slowly slips inside.

Hannibal gives him a moment to adjust, as he bottoms out, then starts with a steady rhythm, careful not to harm the man beneath him. Will gives Hannibal's shoulder a few tentative licks, before he bites down without warning, which causes the alpha to groan. Seemingly pleased, he repeats the action. The omega licks up the droplets of blood that form on the site of the bites, all whilst gazing up at the doctor through his lashes. The psychiatrist takes a short while to quicken the pace, he holds back. "M-more…I need more." Hannibal increases his pace, balls slapping against Will's ass with each thrust. Will squeezes around him, which causes Hannibal's thrusts to become more frantic as he chases his release with more vigour. The doctor begins to lick at Will's scent gland, showing more interest in it now than he had before. His tongue glides along the juncture of the brunette's shoulder and neck, then his teeth scrape back down it in the opposite direction. The amount of pressure that his teeth are putting on the scent gland increases, Will whines and attempts to pull away from the attention. Hannibal snaps his hips into Will with more purpose, as his knot begins to grow. "Where would you-" Will pushes his head back further into the pillow, "p-please…i-i-inside, I need it, H-Hannibal," he pants, which causes Hannibal to completely still inside him. The alpha's nostrils flare, he bares his teeth and mumbles against Will's neck, "**no**. Try again." The brunette clenches around him at the use of his alpha voice. He writhes underneath Hannibal, as he responds, "you son of a bitch. *Fuck you*." Hannibal growls in annoyance, bites down harshly on his neck — which draws blood — then looks to him, "**Try again**." Will mewls at the contact of his teeth against his neck, more so when blood begins to trickle from the small wound left behind.

'So keen to maintain a semblance of control. It is almost admirable.'

Will continues his efforts to get Hannibal to move again, but he remains stock-still, purely out of principle. The brunette whines and pushes out the scent of distress on purpose, in order to cause the doctor to cave to his demands. He gives up and with a huff, rolls his eyes, then puts in a quiet, "please, *Alpha*…inside. I need it…need *you*…inside." Hannibal seems pleased with his response, as he almost immediately begins to move again and his pace becomes brutal simultaneously. His thrusts are purposeful as he chases his release and he cums inside Will with a groan, knot locking them in place. Will shudders as he reaches his own release. The doctor drapes himself over the brunette beneath him, rumbles in contentment and nuzzles his cheek. The omega purrs, releases jovial pheromones and closes his eyes, so that he can begin to drift off into sleep.

Hannibal wakes a few hours later beside Will, clearly he had slipped out of him in his sleep once his knot had gone down. He finds Winston asleep at the end of the bed and decides to get up to let him outside. Upon opening the door to the porch, all of the dogs flood outside into the chilly morning air. The doctor shivers as the cold air reaches his bare skin.

'Such simple, yet intelligent creatures. I can see why Will holds them in such high regard.'

He calls the dogs back inside after around fifteen minutes. When he returns inside, Hannibal is stunned to find Will missing from where he'd left him in bed. He scents the air, then begins to follow in the direction that it originates from. Hannibal makes his way up the stairs, down the hallway and into the next room on his right, before his eyes land on their prize. At the end of the small box room, Will is curled up in a pile of blankets, dozing peacefully. The alpha approaches him and reaches a hand out to move a blanket, but a low growl and a snap of

teeth close to his hand stops him short. “You didn’t ask permission. How *rude* of you, *Alpha*.” Hannibal huffs a laugh, “I apologise, mio Amato,” he takes a breath, “may a join you, Amore?” Will hums. He repositions himself, so that there is room beside him, “you may, if you promise not to move a single thing,” he answers. The doctor bows his head, “you have my word,” he puts in, as he moves in behind Will, in order to curl around him, effectively spooning him. Hannibal scents his hair thoroughly, noses through his curls and sniffs enthusiastically like a dog. “This is a wonderful nest, Beau,” the doctor praises softly, which causes Will to let an uncharacteristic trill slip out. Hannibal trails a hand down the omega’s chest and leaves it to rest on his stomach. He moves his mouth close to Will’s ear to whisper, “you will make such a wonderful mate.” Will’s eyes shoot open, “…w-wait…what?” He asks startled. The alpha licks along his scent gland, his tongue a little rough. Then slips inside of him hastily and begins to set a callous pace, he chases release with little restraint and pulls Will against him with the hand that rests flush against his stomach. His knot forms not too long after he had begun and he releases his load into the man beside him with a grunt. The alpha’s acute teeth pierce the skin that covers his scent gland with ease and he growls as he places the mating bite.

”Mine.”

’Mine. Not for anyone else. No one else will ever lay a hand on him ever again. My gorgeous, beautiful mate.’

The omega is absolutely soaked as a result of the bite and it has caused the blankets beneath him to become damp. Hannibal continues to nuzzle into his curls afterwards, rumbling deeply. Will growls, but can’t pull away from the doctor as he is locked with him. “You fucking bastard!” The brunette yells, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes, “I can’t believe you!” He whines helplessly, “you’ve ruined my career! You’ve ruined me…” His voice falters towards the end.

”I tried to be nice to you, pander to your demands as any other *bitch*would! You’ve taken advantage of me, snaked your way in here!” He continues wetly, his shoulders shake as he cries profusely, his back to the man who he is cursing. Hannibal’s metaphorical hackles raise, “**don’t you dare take that tone with me, Omega**!” he commands harshly, teeth fully bared in his anger. Will stills completely, curls in on himself as best he can in this state to make himself smaller. He sighs, “I apologise, mio Amato, but I will not accept such disobedience from you anymore.” Hannibal sets about caressing Will’s lower stomach with the hand that rests there. He pushes out calming pheromones and hopes that they will do the trick, as the omega is right on edge. Will huffs, “of course you won’t,” he mutters. The alpha licks the fresh mating bite with care and savours the taste of blood on his tongue. “We are going to lead a wonderful life, you and I. I will protect you with my life,” the doctor tells him out of pure honestly. The brunette snarls, “you do not care for me. You have no reason to keep me around.” Hannibal tuts, “ah, but that is where you are mistaken. You understand me, Amore, and *you* can express your true self when you are with me,” he adds. “You have no idea what your dealing with,” Will laughs threateningly. Hannibal speaks close to his ear, “I believe that I have a very good idea. Nor do you, in regards to me.” He shifts back into him with a minuscule growl, then settles. “I won’t be able to protect you anymore.” “Why exactly would I require your protection, Will?” The doctor asks curiously. Will seems to deliberate over his

answer, as he takes a short while before he asks, “surely the Chesapeake Ripper would require protection from the FBI discovering him?”

Hannibal is left completely and utterly speechless.

’Wow. He really has already figured it out. Such an intelligent omega, ***my*** *omega. His talents are truly wasted on Jack Crawford and the FBI.’*

Hannibal’s knot has gone down, much more quickly than the previous time. He turns Will over, pulls his chin into his hands and kisses him, “you are the epitome of perfection. Jack really does not know just how lucky he is to have you. How long have you suspected it was me for, Amore?” All anger seems to disappear from Will’s face. A quiet sense of calmness seems to settle over his features. “I was right,” he hears him mumble under his breath in disbelief, “since the day I watched you in that ambulance, the precision of your movements, the knowledge you possess. Every detail fit the Ripper’s profile.” Will meets his gaze, amber eyes meet red. “I am mated to the Chesapeake Ripper. Holy shit.” The alpha watches him adoringly, “oui, mon Cher, it appears to be that way,” he tells the brunette, with a pleased rumble.

’Hearing Will speak of it so freely is exhilarating. For someone to finally know, someone that I care deeply about — besides Abigail — is a a weight off of his shoulders. The fact that he does not cower from him is relieving and that he accepts it immediately, no questions asked.’

Will scrunches his nose, “Jack will keep pressing me for questions, how would you like me to keep him *entertained*?” He quizzes around a smirk. “We will conjure up a plan to continue to keep Jack and the others in the dark,” Hannibal responds, “for now though, allow me to convince you that this choice was for the best.” “You see it best that the Bureau fires me?” The brunette asks in confusion. “They cannot fire you, Will,” the doctor assures him calmly. He shakes his head, “they believed that I was a beta! How will they react when I turn up with a mating bite, Hannibal?” The omega snaps in annoyance, but the doctor pays him little mind. “As you said, you are mated, Will. It means that they do not have any grounds to have you removed. As far as they are concerned, you are answered for,” Hannibal explains to him as best he can. “And Jack-“ the alpha cuts him off abruptly, “will answer to me, you are covered in my scent. Jack would have to be nose-blind not to realise who you are mated to.”The alpha adds, “you can provide me with protection from the law and I can help to nurture the darkness in you that you wish to embrace.” The brunette laughs in what can only be disbelief, “you are insufferable. You best not be wrong about any of this,” he threats. “Now. Where do I place my bite?” Hannibal looks taken aback at first. “Not a traditional omega,” he nods, then directs him with his finger as he bares his neck, “the same place as your own.” Will purrs happily, swipes his tongue along his teeth, then locks in on Hannibal’s scent gland. Hannibal groans, his cock hardens once again and his eyes roll back in his head as a result of the pleasure he has received from the bite.

’I have no qualms with him being non-traditional, it is so very Will, not to follow the set societal standards. To follow the nature of his designation, but not be bound by it.’

The alpha is still impressed that has managed to prevent Will from fully flipping out on him as a result of his unwanted mating bite. It seems that his scent has become more effective on Will as time goes on, where it had taken a while for it to work earlier on, the result is now

almost instantaneous. He will not attempt to fully tame the omega, he will only rein him in when needed.

'Will is far too beautiful and interesting a creature to be held back. His becoming will be splendid.'

As Will removes his mouth, a question crosses Hannibal's mind that he has not thought to ask earlier. "Mio Amato…" he starts, pauses to wipe the blood from Will's chin, then continues, "do you take any sort of contraceptive medication?" Will draws his brows together in thought, then shakes his head, "I ceased my use of them when I first began to lose time a couple of months ago." He rushes to add, "don't worry though, as soon as my heat is over, I will make sure to deal with any *problems* that may present themselves."

'Which is more than enough time for the effects to have worn off by now. Perfect.'

"**No. You will do no such thing**." His hand returns to its earlier position on Will's stomach and his thumb caresses his smooth — lightly toned — skin. "I would like you to move in with me, as soon as it is convenient for you," Hannibal tells him, not giving Will much of a choice in the matter. The brunette worries at his lip, "but, my dogs-". "Can be rehoused, though I must insist that you bring Winston with you, I seem to have found a soft spot for him." Hannibal knows that the number of questions and demands that he has is likely causing the omega a headache, but he needs to get all of the information across somehow. "Work with me here, Will, and I will allow you to know me inside and out. It is a rare gift, one I do not give easily, but I trust you, Amore."

"Will you trust me?"

"That is entirely dependant on whether or not you can prove yourself worthy of my trust, *Alpha*," the omega informs him, his eyes fixed on the hand that rests on his abdomen. "Now, I think I feel the next wave of my heat coming along. Are you going to offer to assist me?" Hannibal melts into the nest at the question, "of course. What would you like from me, mon Coeur?" Will hums, "anything to sate the hunger for the time being." The alpha rumbles, deep in his throat, "then prepare to be *bred*, my darling Omega…" he notifies him.

*'I will not allow him to leave this nest until he is well and truly bred. I will not deem it a successful mating until he is carrying my **pup**. It is the only way for me to be able to fully protect him from Jack, even if Will cannot see it yet.'*

Chapter End Notes

Who would've known that not maintaining control was a turn off for Hannibal? Oh wait…

I do hope that you enjoyed this chapter, I enjoyed writing it very much. Updates will remain a little all over the place for the foreseeable future, as I can never know how long it takes me to write them in advance!

I am not certain that I managed to keep them in character throughout the whole chapter, which is a shame, but I tailored it to fit the storyline.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!